at random, but in appointed ways, and at certain seasons, that we may be prepared to receive it ? Was the water of which the Israelites drank less beneficent because it followed them all the way through the wilderness ? No one will affirm that it was: and yet there are persons who feel as if they did not require to be grateful for the water of which they drink, because it comes to them from the clouds of heaven, and the fountains which gush from the earth.

We condemn the Hebrews when we read of their ingratitude, and yet we imitate their conduct. When the manna first fell, and they saw abundance of food on the bare face of the desert, gratitude heaved in every Ijreast; but how short a time elapsed till they began to look upon the manna in much the same light- as we look upon the dews of the evening, or the crops in harvest —as something regular and customary, the denial of which might justify complaint, but the bestowal of which was not calculated to call forth thankfulness ! Because the water flowed with them through all their journey, so that the heat of a burning suu could not exhale it, nor the thirsting sand of the desert drink it up, just because it continued all the time us fresh and as cool as when it leapt from its parent rock, they came to regard it with as little wonder as we do the stream which may run past our dwelling. The pillar of cloud hung continually before them, so that the rays of a meridian sun could not dissipate it, nor the winds of heaven drive it away; and they came at last to be uo more grateful for it than we usually are for the light of the sun returning every morning. Just because this pillar of cloud was kindled into a pillar of (ire every evening, they became as familiar with it as we are with the stars which God lights up nightly in the firmament. The younger portion of the people, bom in the

desert, and long accustomed to these wonders, may have come to look upon them as altogether natural, and would no more be surprised at the sight of the fiery pillar casting its lurid glare upon the sands,, than we are with the meteor that Hushes across the evening sky. Does it not appear as if it were the very frequency of the gift, and the regularity of its coining, which lead mankind to forget the Giver ? It is as if a gift were left every morning at outdoor, and we were at length to imagine that it came alone without being sent. It is as if the widow whose meal and oil were blessed by the prophet, had come at length to